## Instruction and Entertainment For The Young

## Mother Goose Paint Books as Prizes

For Clever T. D. C. C. Members.

We inaugurate to-day what it is confidently believed will prove decidedly the We inaugurate to-day what It is confidently believed will prove decladed the most popular feature yet introduced in our Childrens Page. Tis is a series of Mother Goose Paint Book contests, in which three prizes will be given every week to the children sending in the pictures colored to the best advantage. The contests are for the bene2t of the T. D. C. C., whose membership is growing rapidly The prizes will be "Mother Goose Paint Books," handsemely bound, containing verse, illustrations and, begt of all, paints and a brush for future color work. All tiose who engage in the contests will be enrolled as members of the T. D. C. C., and badges will be sent to them. All boys and girls who purpose contributing to the club are invited to send in their names.

There is never a boy or a girl who is not tond of "Mother Goose," does not love the jungles and appreciate her nonsense rhymes. The editor remembers a little boy once who stoutly declared that he could never memorize poetry, and that he hated it. This very boy was discovered one day in the act of spinning out "Little Boy Blue" and "Little Tommy Tucker" to a select coterie of admiring friends, not quite so cld as he.

ild as he
"Why, my little man." said the editor, "I thought you despised rhymes? And
it seems as if you do know a few."
But." answered the little lad, "this is quite different, you see. This is 'Mother
se,' something every boy is just born to know. And it's not like other poetry at
the added.

when, in addition to a twentieth century "Mother Goose," there is an artist's outfit, carefully selected and arranged, it seems quite certain that the "Paint Book" contest, the first inaugurated for the T. D. C. C., will be something that all the club members will enjoy.

child, I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to deliver my speech tonight, as I leave the city immediately.

Yra Truly,

R. E. LOWBURN.

For two days Mr. Lowburn remained secreted in the house. When he met a club friend he said: "So sorry about missing the meeting, but you know the reason," and he would use his handkerchief to catch imaginary tears.

chief to catch imaginary tears.
"Poor fellow," murmurede the friend

92999966999999999999999

Anna's Birthday Gift.

## page and the say that it will be im Mr. Lowburn.

July 5, 1903.

I would like to be a member of the T. D. C. C., so I send you a story.

Hoping it will win me a badge,

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH EENT KING,

No. 216 East Grace Street, city.

MR. LOWBURN.

Nine b'clock found Mr. Lowburn in his prince, fresh and ready to tackle a speech which he had been requested to deliver at the club meeting that night.

Before beginning to write he rang the bell. Buttons popped his head in at the door in response to the summons.

"Yes, sat."

or in response to the "Yes, sat."
"Buttons, if any one calls, I am busy id beg to be excused. Ask whoever it asy be to call to-morrow."
"Yes, sat."
"That is all. You may go."
Having assured himself of an uninterpoted morning, Mr. Lowburn began to

Dear Friends.-You have cer-"

The door opened and Buttons looked in



"A lady to see you, sar."
"I told you I was busy."
"I know it, sar. I told her so, sar, but she said, sar, if you knew her business, sar, you would see her, sar," gasped Buttlers.

"Her name?"
"Don't know, sar."
"On't know, sar."
"Ask her to call to-morrow."
Buttons dashed out, and Mr. Lowburn continued:

continued:
"Dear Friends,—You have certainly beblowed an honor — "Knock! knock!
"Well?" answered Mr. Lowburn crossly,
"Me, sar," said Buttons, coming in.
"What do you want, Buttons?"
"I don't want nutting."
"Well, who does? I told you I was

know, sar, so I tole him, sar, but he i, sar, I was to give you this, sar,"

"Yes, sar."

Mr. Hepburn opened it, expecting a note from the club.

"A bill." he gasped in disgust. "Buttons, how dare you annoy me thus?"

"Can't help it, sar."

"Tell the fool man I will send a check terrorry."

"Yes, sar." The writer continued:

Tear Sir:

You have certainly bestowed an honor upon me by giving me the ple—
"Excuse me, sar," interrupted Buttons, "but the man wants his money now."
"Read the bill to me."
Buttons stumbled through the follow-

the pleasure of delivering in the pleasure of delivering in the first distracted sentleman, running his inky fintened sentleman, running his inky fintened sentleman, running ing on his gers in his hair and smearing ing on his

gers in his hair and smearing ing on his speech.

"The man done brought that automobile book stand." said Buttons mildly, but grinning at his master's peculiar inky streaked hair.

"Automatic, you fool!" roared Mr. Lowburn, glaring at Buttons.

"He can't put it in here, for I am busy.

Ask him to leave it."

"Yes sar."

Buttons went out, but soon returned.

"The man say, sar, that he can't leave it say without his money. It's \$\$, sar."

Mr. Lowburn dived into his trouser pocket and drew out a \$10 bill.

"There, Buttons, give him this and tell him to go to the devil!"

Rid of this interruption, Mr. Lowburn began:

began: "Dear Friends,-You certainly have be

"Dear Friends.—You certainly have bestowed an honor upon me by giving me
the pleasure of delivering my poor words
upon .so-"
Knock.
Mr. Lowburn sprang- up, opened the
door and viewed Buttons with disgust.
Buttons trembled.
"Mr. Harland done come. Had an appointment with you, sar,"
"Deuce take nim, ask him to wait?"
Buttons left.

Buttons left. Finding a clean sheet of paper, Mr. Finding a clea Country Club, Mr. Haynes, Esq.:

Oring to the sudden death of my place's State to the sudden death o

hand over ner cyes. Properacker at me cye." the child would scream. After a while she went to sleep.
"Mother, can Fan go down to the orchard to get some apples?"
"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply, "but don't climb the bobwier,"
"Yes, mamma," and away they went.
Presently Fan came back holding her dress up.

mother."
"I have torn my dress," the child answered.
"Sister," said Mrs. Moss, "get a needle and some thread and sew her dress up."
Sister looked and looked, but no needles could she find.
"Feddy, have you had the needles?"
I plasted them, sister. I thought you and mamma would have a lot when dey growed."

What will 1 to will a warm with a warm will a warm will be some of needles and sewed the dress.

Papa came in and said; "How would you like to go to the menagerie?"
"Boody, goody!" cried all, clapping their hands it.

ds."
Me do, too, papa," asked little Aline.
Yes, dear, you shall go, too."
I they went to see all the animals, and
baby was delighted.
Iter the three children went to bed,
said twas the hiest Fourt they had MARGIE PAULINE CLEMENTS.

#### Flossie's Patient.

Richmond, Va., June 22, 1903.

Editor of Children's Page:
I should like to join the T. D. C. C.
Enclosed you will find a little story,
which I hope you will consider good
enough to publish.

FLOSSIE'S PATIENT.

Flossie's mamma wanted her to go to
Aunt Kate's house to take a note. The
little girl was rocking her dolls to sieep,
and did not want to move, but she
remembered how often mamma had give
up her pleasure to amuse her, so on she
went. Flossie made up her mind to be
as quick as she could, so that mamma
should not have to wait long 70; an an
swer.

she was running through the field her way back from Aunt Kate's, saw some one walking before her. It her growt-up sister, Nettle, 'by, Nettle, what have you there?' Flossie, as she ran up to her sis-She was all out of breath from evercise.

Richmond, Va., June 28, 1903.

I will be very giad to join the T. D. C. C. Enclosed you will find a little story. I hope you will think it good enough to publish. If so please send me a badge.

"Anna, Annas Bhrithday Giff."

"Anna, Annas, shouted Harry. "Come quick, and the should harry. "Come quick the publish of the property of the publish of the property of the publish of the property of the publish of th

sain phoses, as all out of breath from such exercise.

"Look! said Nettle, bending down to her. "I fould this poor bird lying on the ground. Its log is broken."

"On, how dreadfoil" said Flossie, "but pans will mend it you know; for he is a doctor "but dead fould will be said found for he is a doctor."

I have been such as a first said found in the poor little patient till he grew nursed the poor little patient till he grew him out to the apple tree and 'et him, on a bough. Birdle burst out into the sweetest song you ever heard, which ricant, "Thank you for all your kindness to me. Oh! I am so glad to be out-in the bright sunshine again! Good-bye!" And off he flew, up, up, till he was quite out of sight.

"Good-bye!" said Flossie.

LOUISE LEFTWICH,
No. 17 West Marshall Street. bridled. The baddle and the birthday gift for my little Anna, from Grandpa. "There! what you think of that?" asked "There! what you think of that?" asked the birthday gift for my little Anna, from Grandpa.

#### Poem on Building.

R. D., No. 4, Hermitage Road, Henrico county, Va., July 5, 1903.
Editor of Children's Page:
I desire to join the T. D. C. C., and zend you a piece of pietry.

rom Grange.
"There' what you think of that?" asked Harry.
"I think," said Anna, as soon as she could speak, "that no little girl ever had such a splendid, splendid grandpa as mine:
"Isn't he though?" said Harry.
"Isn't he though?" sony. Do you know the is Harry's pony. Do you know the islands for the policy live when they are at home? They live live when they are at home? They live in the northern islands of Great Britain.
ILELIA B. LEFTWICH.
No. 17 West Marshall Street,
Age eleven years, "BUILDING." We are building every day
in a good or evil way.
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our in nost self disclose.

Till in every arch and line All our faults and fallings shine— It may grow a castle grand, Or a wreck upon the sand.

Build it well whate'er you do, Build it straight and strong and true; Build it clean and high and broad, Build it for the eye of God,

### ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Mosquito is Found.

The greatest excitement prevailed in tosquitotown, for Eugene Mosquito had icst himself. Eugene was a stylish young fellow, who was last seen sitting on a

cheese box in his mother's kitchen. Everybody started out to find poor Eugene, and his mother wrong her hands anguish as she thought of what terrible things might have happened

But, search high and low, no one could find him, and the mosquito's father's hair turned gray when someone declared



that Eugene must have been run ove

HE WAS A STYLISH YOUNG FEL-LOW.

They were gone a long time, but presently a loud cheer was heard, and they were all soon back at Mr. Mosquito's house, and there was Eugene in their very midst.

"Where did you find him?" asked the mother, as she wrapped her arms around the truant.

"The lightning bug found me," cried Eugene.
"Yes; he crawled into a keyhole, where Eugene had hid from a big spider," added the water bug.

Eugene had hid from a big spider," added the water bug.

"After I got in I couldn't see to get out." said Bugene.

"Until I came in and lit my trusty lamp," said the lightning bug.
"Hurrah!" cried everybody.
"Hurrah!" cried Eugene.
Then they gave a grand ball, and everybody praised the noble lightning bug, and the next day he married the mosquito's cousin, and it was a grand affair.

#### BADGES WILL BE SENT TO THESE NEW MEMBERS

I read your special offer in the Sunday Times-Dispatch and I would like to join the club. You said that there was no need to send a contribution with your

name and address. I hope that later I can send you a story. I read the stories tat other children send and I hope that I Can do as well as they.

Yours truly,

ELLLE RIVES,

Gun's Hill, Dinwiddle Co., Va.

Dear Editor of Children's Page;
We are two stile boys away down here
in Virginia, who want to join the T. D.
C. Club, Please send each of us a

Your young friends, ROLAND AND CHINN DAVIS, Abingdon, Va.

Adriance, Va., July 6, 1903, Editor of the Children's Page: I wish to join the T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge, I hope to send a story

> CAMILLA B. BEDINGER. Richmond, Va., July 6, 1968.

Editor Children's Page:
Please send me a badge as I would like
to join the T. D. C. C. Club and I will
send contributions later.
GEO. J. WALSAK,
210 East Marshall Street, City.

Dear Editor: I will send my name. ROY BONAVITA. Keswick, Va., July 6, 1903.

Times-Dispatch:
Dear Sir.—Please send me a T. D. C.
C. badge and tell me what to do to join.
Yours truly.
ROBT. B. JACKSON.

Gloucester C. H., July 7, 1993. Dear Times-Disputch:

Dear Times-Dispatch:
I would like to join the T. D. C. C.
if you will sein me a badge. I will write
you a tree story about a cat called Jack.
My stater and I are so glad when the
paper comes with the children's stories
and the well in the woods.

Good bye.

ELIZA A. LEE.

Gloucester C. H., July 7, 1003, Dear Times-Dispatch:

I want to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Please send me a hadge. I will try to write you a story before long. Yery truly L. LEE, I should like very much to join your club. Please send me a badge. Yours truly THOMAS W. ROBINSON. P. C. Box 66, Waverly, Va.

Upper BRANDON

A CHILD'S IDEA OF BRANDON.

The Well in the Wood

CHAPTER XIII.

A FROLIC IN THE FOREST.
"You must excuse me for a while,"
said the Rabbit to Buddle, as they fell in

with the procession. "My race with the tortoise comes first."
"Oh, do you fall asleep and wait for

him to come poking along?" asked Buddle, her mind on the old fable.
"No, indeed," replied the Rabbit. "We're pretty evenly matched. First he wins, and then I win. It's my turn this week. On a straight line I could beat him every time; but, as I explained to you this morning, I have to do a great deal of

zigzagging."

When every one had found a seat, Doctor Fox announced that the Club's distinguished visitor, Professor Bray, had kindly requested to act as master of ceremonies, and a great cheer went up.

The race between the Tortoise and the

Rabbit was quickly run. They got away in a pretty start, and it was nip and tuck to the other end of the clearing. As it was quite a distance across the open. Buddie could not see who was ahead at the finish; but the Bat announced that the Habbit had won by an ear. That's the advantage of having long ears," remaked the Yellow Dog, who sat having seed the Yellow Dog, who sat having seed how the Tortoise manages it," said she. "It's wonderful the way he gets over the ground." The said she, "It's wonderful the way he gets over the ground." "Hello! here comes the Bear with the Weasel, Now we'll have some fun." Out of the brush near the grandstand came the Great Huge Bear, rolling a Rabbit was quickly run. They got away

furry object over and over with his "What's the matter with the Wessel?"

Buddle asked. "Can't he walk?"
"He's asleed," repfied Colonel. "He's always asleep. You Rnow the old say-

ing, 'You can't catch a weasel awake.'
Come along and help toss him."
Buddle followed the others, and presently found herself holding one corner of a blanket, upon which the Weasel had been rolled. Then the jolly party began to skip around in a circle, singing—

"Impty, Mimpty, Jiggety-jig, Ibbity, bibbity, beazle, Timty, tumty, tibbity-fig, Pop goes the Weasel!"

At the word "Pop" the Weasel was toss-ed high in the air; and as he sailed sky-ward he half-awoke and made a sound like a cork coming out of a bottle. Be

ward he half-awoke and made a sound like a cork coming out of a bottle. Before he began to desend he was sound asleep again.

Round and round they skipped and sanguntil everyone was tired and out of breath. "If I could only sleep like that," signed the Great Huge Bear, as he rolled the Weasel back into the bushes.

The next "event" was an exhibition of bear-back ridding by the Stork. The Great Huge Bear as a could go, and tried in various ways to shake the Stork off; but the bird finished the trip in triumph.

"Playing Possum" was the next game on the programme. Choose partners!" called the Donkey, and the company pairing off, formed a ring around the Possum. "Change partners!" called the Donkey, and the company pairing off, formed a ring around the Possum. "Change partners!" called the Donkey, and the company pairing off, formed a ring around the Possum. "Change partners!" called the Donkey, and there was a Buddle's expense. The Possum also had a fersantle failowed.

"She had been forced into the Possum's place in the center of the ring. It was something like "Old Man Tucker," with the music and dancing omitted.

Next came a bowling contest, open to take part. Ten chipmunks sitting up straight and stiff served as plans, and the Fretiess Porcupine curled blimself up for the ball. If the ordinary bowling aley the ball must be rolled back in a trough; but the Porcupine simply uncurled himself after each throw and trotted back for another. The Porcupine seemed to enjoy the game as well as the others, and the Fretiess Porcupine curled blimself up for the ball. If the ordinary bowling aley the ball must be rolled back in a trough; but the Porcupine simply uncurled himself after each throw and trotted back for another. The Porcupine seemed to enjoy the game as well as the others, and the Fretiess Porcupine the procuping of the sum of the still smaller mombers of the Club were playing cricket, and the still smaller mombers of the Club were playing cricket, and the still smaller mombers of the Club were playing cricket

smile. "Life is not all eating and urma-ing." said he, "Maybe not," returned the Rabbit; "but I'd rather eat than hear one of Doctor Goose's lectures." "Philistine!" muttered the Donkey, "What's that!" asked the itabor, sus-

EDITOR T. D. C. C.:

I should like very much to be a member of the T. D. C. C. I am eleven years old. I will inclose a picture that I drew of Upper Branden yard. I hope you will find it fit to print. I enjoy reading the stories very much. Please send my budge GEORGE B. HELLNER,

"What's that" assed the Rabon, suspiciously.

But the Donkey scorned to reply.
The audience that gathered to bear Doctor Goose was small, indeed. There were the Donkey and Butdle, who really wished to hear it, the Yellow Bear, who would as of curlosity of the Wood of th

tion off..."

"Fore"

A ball driven by the Golf Lynx carried away the lecturer's manuscript.

"I'll put a stop to that!" cried the Rabbit, starting after the Golf Lynx. But the Lynx saw him coming, and discreetly took to his heels. Meanwhile, Buddishad recovered the scattered manuscript, and Doctor Goose proceeded, as if there had been no interruption:

"-the Man Story, It is impossible to fix the date of the first man story, he cause we do not know precisely, at what time goese began to write."

"Literature," interrupted Doctor Fox, "hegan with the Fox family."

"You are mistaken, my dear Colleague," returned the lecturer, warmly, "Literature began with the goose-quill."

"I leave it," said Doctor Fox, excited, in the possessory of the processor in the process

ly, "to my learned friend, Protessor Bray."

The Donkey bowed, "I have always believed," he said, "that a Donkey wrote the first book. I know he wrote the last one. I regret to say that I am unacquainted with any literature by the Fox family, with the exception of the Book of Martyrs, a most excellent work, as instructive, though not so entertaining as the rhymes of Mother Goose. The first is the older, but the second is the more popular."

This decision was, as usual, agreeable

popular."
This decision was, as usual, agreeable to both disputants, and Doctor Goose continued:
"At all events it safely may be assumed that the earliest man stories were merely records of the chase. After a man had been pursued, captured and eaten by a bear—"

ed that the earnest have After a man had been pursued, captured and eaten by a bear.

"E!? What's that?" asked the Great Huge Bear, unclosing his eyes. "I never did anything of the sort.

"I was speaking of the old and savage days," replied Doctor Goose, and the Bear dozed off again.

"After such a successful hunt, it was the custom to relate the details, with more or less exaggerath hunt, it was the custom to relate the details, with more or less exaggerath hunt, it was the custom to relate the details, with more of less exaggerath hunt, it was the custom to relate the details, with more of less exaggerath hunt, it was the custom to relate the details, with more of less exaggerath hunt, it was the custom to relate the details, with more of the same states of the chase held their popularity; but as reason superseded mere institut and annuals advanced in-civilization, they hunted man las advanced in-civilization, they hunted man las advanced in-civilization, they hunted man help became to, believe that this scane they became to, believe that this scane of the content of the world, possessed reasoning faculties similar to their own—he might even have a soul; and to-day it is generally admitted that the line between the lowest animals and the highest man is so fine as scarcely to be discerned."

At this point the Rabbit returned to announce, with a little swagger, the complete discomforture of the Golf Lynx, Buddle was not so sure of this; she could see the Lynx peeping from behind a tree at the farther end of the ammitheater whereas, according to the Rabbit, he should be "running yet."

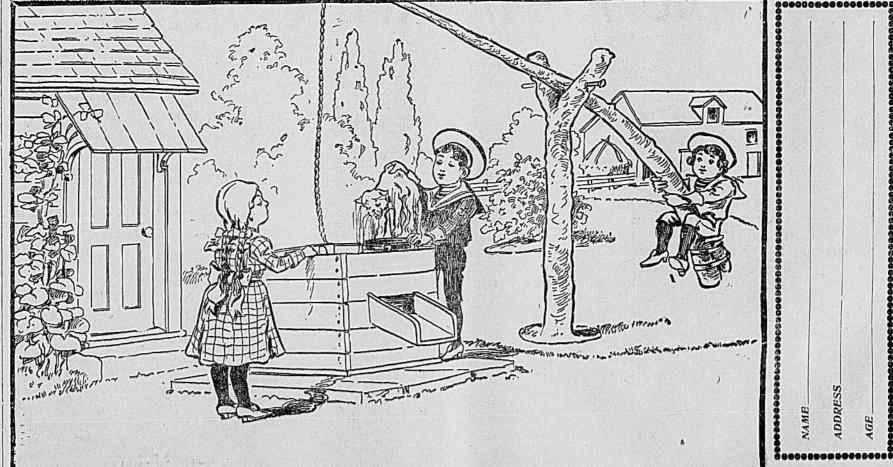
"That the average animal," resumed Doctor Goose, "is superior to the average man in the common virtues of cleanliness, orderliness, straightforwardness, common sense and capacity for sane eijoyment, goes with saying."

"Like a hickory nut," remarked Doctor Fox, mysteriously."

AGE

"Why like a hickory nut?" asked Buddle.
"That's a hard nut to crack," replied Doctor Fox, mysterionsly.
"Hear! hear!" stricked the Loon; and this time there was some sense in the issually meaningless remark, as Dector Goose was waiting pariently for a charge to go on. If. instead of interrupting a speaker, people would ery "Hear! hear!" when a speaker is interrupted, much time would be saved; for then there would be no interruptions.

# Ordinary, Va., July 4, 1903. Fiditor of Cilidren's Page: THE FOURTH. "Hurrah! hurrah for the Fourth," said little Teddy, as he rolled over Fan. nearly knocking her out of the bed, and scarling mother and father nearly to death. "War for fose moser!" said two-year-old little Allne, who couldn't hardly talk. "Run down stairs," said mamma, gently; "let slater wash your faces." After breakfast, while the children were pop-



"Ding, dong, bell,

> "Who put her in?" "Little Tommy Green."

> > "Who pulled her out?" "Little Tommy Trout."

Pussy's in the Well."

"What a naughty boy was that Thus to drown poor pussy cat."

In this series of " Mother Goose" picture painting contents, three prizes will be awarded each week, and each will consist of a copy of the "Mother Goose Paint Book," 48 pictures and 48 pages of verse, making a book of about 100 pages, with paint brush and five cakes of paint attached to the cover. The three pictures that are most neatly and most appropriately colored will be selected each week, for prizes. RULES-Cut out the picture, leaving the coupon attached, and color the picture as neatly and

artistically as you can. Write your name, age and address in the blanks on the coupon left for the purpose.

All pictures intended for competition must be in The Times-Dispatch office, not later than Satur-

The pictures look better if mounted on stiff paper or eardboard, but mounting is not required. The award will be made a week from next Sunday.

Address EDITOR CHILDREN'S PAGE, TIMES-DISPATCH, RICHMOND, VA.